

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.
Daily and Sunday, \$2.50 per year.
Daily, without Sunday, 5 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, \$1.25 per year.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, 10 cents per month.
Daily and Sunday, \$2.50 per year.
Daily, without Sunday, 5 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, \$1.25 per year.

No attention will be paid to anonymous
contributions, and no communications to
the editor will be printed except over the
name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will
be returned if unavailable, but stamps
should be sent with the manuscript for
that purpose.

All communications intended for this
newspaper, whether for the daily or the
Sunday issue, should be addressed to
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING
SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-
HAM, Boyce Building.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the
city, either for a short or long
stay—whether they go to mountain
or seashore, or even across the sea
—should not fail to order The
Washington Herald sent to them
by mail. It will come regularly,
and the addresses will be changed
as often as desired. It is the home
news you will want while away
from home. Telephone Main 3300,
giving old and new address.

Dog-day Political Philosophy.

"Many really wise, long-headed Demo-
crats," we are told, "would rather leave
the Republicans in control of the next
House of Representatives than be charged
with responsibility to present a tariff
bill upon which to go to trial in the next
Presidential election."

"Many astute Republicans," we
are concurrently told, "believe it would
be best to let the Democrats get a majority
in the House, on the theory that they
would make a record wholly unsatisfac-
tory to the country."

There is nothing "really wise," "long-
headed," or "astute" in any such reason-
ing, assuming that either party stands
for anything and has the courage of its
convictions.

The Democratic party, it is true, has
not uniformly measured up to its duties
and responsibilities, but the same is
equally true of the Republican party.
Neither has a corner on patriotism or
common sense, and neither especially
commends itself to the confidence of the
masses in the present crisis.

If the Democrats are "really wise" and
"long-headed," they will do their level
best honestly to deserve the victory which
apparently is coming to them, and the
party's future will then take care of it-
self.

If the Republicans are "astute," they
will realize the urgent, pressing neces-
sity of playing politics less and practis-
ing statesmanship more, whatever comes,
and thus again get in accord with the
masses.

The Anglo-German Naval Race.

In spite of the fact that we have the
assurance of the officials of the English
government that the race in building
Dreadnoughts with Germany is over and
that there is no more war scare, a num-
ber of people believe that Germany is con-
templating an increased naval building
programme in order to get ahead of Great
Britain.

A dispatch from Berlin declares that
Germany has revised her naval pro-
gramme in order, slyly, to gain a lap in
the race for supremacy, for, whether
there is any need at all for these two
powerful nations to fight, the people of
both countries would feel easier, it seems,
if, on paper, at least, their naval strength
were invincible. During the last electoral
campaign in England it was officially
declared that Great Britain had no intention
of repudiating the two-to-one standard
which had always been her mark in naval
construction, and there is no reason to
think that the British people will allow
the government to change its mind.

The present tempest in a teapot comes
about through the fact that Germany has
recently sold to Turkey two of her an-
cient and superannuated war vessels. To
replace these, it is charged, the Ger-
man government will ask for the money
for two more Dreadnoughts to take the
place of the ships that were sold. The na-
val plans already adopted by Germany call
for starting the construction of four new
Dreadnoughts. These four, which are to
be laid down next year, were provided
for by the plans and the legislation of
1909, at the time when Germany's naval
programme for the future was adopted.

The proposition to add to this pro-
gramme two more Dreadnoughts comes
not from the government, but from Count
von Reventlow, the head of the Navy
League, a jingo organization with no offi-
cial status. It is for the Reichstag, and
not any private individual or league, to
decide whether Germany's naval pro-
gramme shall be extended.

If the Reichstag should decide to re-
place two worthless ships with two of the
latest models in battle ship architecture,
that fact might, of course, revive the war
talk in Great Britain and set that coun-
try with feverish haste to revising her
naval plans accordingly. But, as a matter
of fact, the race has reached the point
where both nations seem willing to call
a halt for a time, and in the race for
shipbuilding supremacy to maintain the
status quo. Times have not been so good

in either country. With the growth of
socialistic ideas, paternalism, old-age
pensions, and the rest, both Germany
and Great Britain are not finding their
budgets pleasant things to contemplate,
and both would be willing to call a halt,
if they could.

A Square-dealing Party Boss.

The extent to which the doctrine of the
square deal has taken hold of the West
is exemplified in a recent issue of the
Kansas City Star. An insurgent news-
paper, independent and courageous, and
the foe of machine politics, it neverthe-
less strongly urges the election to Con-
gress of a party boss in St. Louis who
has been nominated by the Democrats.
Tom Kinney is this candidate. He is
not only a party boss, but a saloon pro-
prietor.

Why does Editor Nelson's paper think
such a man is needed in Congress? Be-
cause he is "a square man with a square
record."

Service in the State senate has proved
his worth. The Star says:
"Wherever Kinney is placed, he will
vote, as he has voted, to give the aver-
age man a better deal. Especially has
his care, as a legislator, been for chil-
dren who have not had a fair show. He
is the author of the improved Missouri
law against child labor, and was a chief
supporter of the juvenile court laws and
of other statutes affecting delinquent or
unhappy children. Senator Kinney has a
first-class understanding, born of per-
sonal experience, of the hard row that a
big percentage of the people have to hoe.
"When you get a man of that sort of
sympathies, combined with personal in-
tegrity, you have a good man for a
lawmaker's job. That is Tom Kinney's
description from his record."

A "square man with a square record"
is bound to win, because he deserves to
win, and, therefore, this long-range in-
troduction gives Washington an interest
in Tom Kinney, which it will cultivate
when he reaches Congress. Men of his
type are not rare in the national law-
making body—the country's present im-
pression notwithstanding—but more they
are needed.

Hail, Tom Kinney!

Gaynor and the Future.

"The American people are eagerly
looking for a man like William J.
Gaynor to fill the high office, the full
responsibilities of which were revealed
only recently by Theodore Roosevelt."
—Kansas City Star.

Fate, through the instrumentality of a
thick-witted old fool named Gallagher,
took a hand at a psychological moment
in more recent Democratic affairs.

As the Republican party gets more and
more at outs with itself and the ques-
tion of leadership and alignment in 1912
becomes more and more involved, the
Democratic party seems to be playing
something apparently very much akin to
a waiting game. There has been Harmon
talk—quite a goodly measure of it. But
it has not been exhaustive or particularly
enthusiastic. Mr. Bryan is being elimi-
nated by his ancient enemies and is elimi-
nating himself right along—much after
the fashion in which that thing has been
accomplished in the past, and from which
elimination Mr. Bryan several times has
come back with flying colors.

Previous to the moment when Fate, as
aforesaid, took a hand in Democratic af-
fairs, through the instrumentality of a
thick-witted old fool named Gallagher,
there had been some talk of Gaynor—
the mayor of Greater New York. It was
known that Gaynor gives at least tech-
nical allegiance to the Democratic party;
that he was elected mayor, despite some
powerful and more or less rampant opo-
sition. He was suspected of considerable
honesty of motive and integrity of
purpose; just why, not many people could
say, right off hand, perhaps. He was
rated, somewhat vaguely, as a Demo-
cratic Presidential "possibility," but
hardly more than that.

But Fate, in a twinkling, shifted the
scenes. "Let me present Mr. Gaynor, via
old fool Gallagher," said Fate. And in-
stantly a nation—the entire world, in-
deed—began to sit up and take dis-
criminating and analytical notice of Gay-
nor! Eagerly the country sought in-
formation—in detail and inclusive of
everything—concerning this man, shot
down. "Who is Gaynor, all but martyred
on the threshold of a great crusade for
civic righteousness?" inquired a breath-
less public?

It is safe to assert, perhaps, that every
man, woman, and child in this land, able
to read and understand, knows fairly well
by this time all there is to know about
Mr. Gaynor. The newspapers from Maine
to California and from Michigan to the
Gulf have told all about New York's
stricken mayor. And the things these
papers have had to tell of Gaynor are
good—and they were told at an hour
when the public ear and the public heart
were very sympathetic to the mayor, too.
Doubtless, the impressions generally cre-
ated are not only extremely favorable to
Gaynor, but lasting as well.

Fate, through the instrumentality of
old fool Gallagher, has presented to the
country the picture of a Democrat who
may be the next President of the United
States!

"This year, Mr. Tom Watson is trying
to go to Congress himself as a Demo-
crat," says the Springfield Republican.
Our usually very accurate contemporary
is wrong; Mr. Watson is not a candidate
for Congress.

One great objection to the proposed 24-
cent piece is that it will make it
approximately impossible for the women
to figure up their bridge losses and
gains.

"Watermelons may be had for a song
in Texas," says the Dallas News. And
the majority of requests are filed in "rag-
time," of course.

"Prof. Hicks says that the new sun spot
is a volcano with a hole in it big enough
to swallow the earth," notes the New
York Evening Sun. And if it did swallow
the earth, that would be one swallow
that made something of a summer, more-
over.

Poor Lo knows when the white man
will voluntarily quit robbing the Indian.
It will be when the Indian has nothing
else with which he may be robbed.

"It was Grisco's fault," says Mr.
Timothy Woodruff. Right there is where
Mr. Loeb heard a deep sigh of relief,
no doubt!

While the statesmen of Spain wrestle
with the crisis now upon that once proud
country, little King Alfonso is trying on
picture hats in London millinery estab-

lishments. The Spanish statesmen doubt-
less appreciate his majesty's thought-
fulness.

Col. George Marcellus Bailey, of Hous-
ton, is contemplating an early visit to
Washington. Mr. Bailey recently won
a silk hat on an election bet, and he
knows which town it should be worn in
first.

Linguists think they have discovered in
Asia a clew to the dead language.
Why dig up any more dead ones before
it has been determined precisely whether
Esperanto is a live one?

The more the Republican party seeks
to untangle its troubles, the worse tangle
it gets into, apparently.

Mr. Heyburn suggests Mr. "Jeff" Davis;
and Mr. "Jeff" Davis suggests Mr. Hey-
burn. This may suggest to each the
idea of enjoining the other, if possible.

"A scientist says 'the grasshopper
serves no useful purpose.' He is mis-
taken. Grasshoppers are good fish bait;
and fishing has produced some of the
most scientific lars this world ever knew.

The new comet was discovered by Rev.
Joel Metcalf. It is well, perhaps, that
a minister should undertake the prom-
ising and predicting with reference to any-
thing new in the comet line just now.

After all, the Smith-Brown guberna-
mental contest in Georgia must be closer
than some people think. Both factions
approve heartily of the law against bet-
ting on elections, recently passed by the
legislature.

An English writer says, "American
women make poor wives." He must
admit, however, that they occasionally
are useful in keeping bankrupt English
husbands out of the poorhouse.

Add "superfluous information"—Mr.
Bryan announces that he will not re-
tire from politics.

"Uncle Joe" has found that he can
not boss Kansas," notes the Mexican
Herald. Well, honors are even as to that;
Kansas can not boss "Uncle Joe," either.

Coffee County, Ga., has barred near-
bears because local sentiment favors
totalism, of course.

While Indiana has become a greater
bean-eating State than Massachusetts,
Boston will continue to lead all creation,
no doubt, in the matter of codfish-ball
consumption.

Mr. Bristow and Mr. Murdoch are both
former editors. This simply shows what a
fog the editor can raise on occasions, if
he so inclines.

Every time an automobile runs into a
lamp-post or a telegraph pole, it seems
to get the worst of it. This does not ap-
pear to discourage the ambitious but
reckless chauffeur in the least, however.

So many people profess to favor the
"back to the farm" movement that it is
somewhat astonishing more people do not
go back.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

The Pilgrim's Progress.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
The gentlemen who have been walking home from
Reno are beginning to arrive.

Distributing the Burden.
From the Baltimore Sun.
Arrangements have now been made to take Presi-
dent Taft to Panama on two battle ships, splendid
precaution.

The Call of Private Interests.
From the Birmingham Ledger.
It's almost time for Ballinger's private business
interests or health to require his retirement from
official life.

Worse Than Death.
From the Detroit Free Press.
If Dr. Cook is actually driven to hide himself
in Bolivia, even Peary ought to be satisfied with
his punishment.

Self Preservation.
From the Kansas City Times.
The Republican party has decided to cut the ties
that bind it to Senator Millard Allen, Speaker
Millard Cannon, and Secretary Millard Bal-
linger.

From a Small Beginning.
From an Exchange.
A car was whizzing toward Cape Island the other day, a
dainty specimen of humanity, described
as a "peach" in the male dictionary,
boarded the car. In his hurry to give
up his seat to the aforesaid "peach," a
chivalrous soul accidentally stuck out his
elbow too far and knocked a fellow pas-
senger's hat out of the window. Thinking
himself the victim of a practical joke,
the hapless one let loose with a left to
the jaw of the chivalrous soul, who, not
to be outdone, returned it with one in
addition as interest. Innocent bystanders
took a hand in the fuss, and everybody
took a whack at everybody else's head;
the motorman blew his police whistle
so loudly that a team of horses standing
near-by became frightened and ran away,
and so excited a kind old lady that she
turned in a fire alarm. The young man,
being a homeless suspected-on-general-
principles sort of a fellow, was unable
to prove that he didn't turn in the alarm,
and he went to the workhouse for dis-
orderly conduct."

Effecting a Cure.
From Good Housekeeping.
Physician—Have you any aches or pains
this morning?
Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to
breathe; in fact, the only trouble now
seems to be with my breath.

Physician—All right. I'll give you
something that will soon stop that.

An Aid to Immunity.
From the New York Herald.
Mosquitoes forced a New York banker
and his party to abandon part of a trip
through Alaska. Prospective visitors to
Alaska might well begin with a short
stay over in New Jersey.

Press Agent Responsible.
From the Boston Transcript.
Figg—I read today that each star is
the center of the universe.
Fogg—Well, each star generally thinks
so.

LIFE'S COMMON THINGS.
The things of everyday are all so sweet,
The morning meadows wet with dew;
The dunes of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so sweet,
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near
The opening door, the handclasp, and the kiss,
The dawn of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
The night with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
O! life—the whole life—is fit too sweet,
The things of every day are all so sweet.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE VIEWPOINT.

Now the sad vacationist
Sings his little song;
Views things with a mental twist,
Kids himself along.

Far from family and friends,
'Neath a blazing sun,
There he sweaters and pretends
He is having fun.

Underneath a blazing sun,
'Mid a jaded throng,
Thinks that he is having fun;
Kids himself along.

International Courtship.
"The duke refuses to accept any dowry,
dad."

"Good enough; I'm a million dollars in."
"Shucks, pa; when will you learn el-
quitude? The latest thing is to force the
money on him."

A Fashionable View.
"It takes a lot of people to make up
the world."
"I thought the number had been offi-
cially fixed at 400."

Getting Cultured.
"I see you go to all the barefoot
dances."
"Yes; I'm beginning to understand art
now."

First Served.
The man in the street
Is in line
For the bulk of the heat,
We opine.

More Than Likely.
"Many advantages will result from un-
iversal disarmament."
"That's right. Then maybe Plunkville
can get a cannon for the public square."

Of Course Not.
"How was the resort where you went?"
"The hills and the sunsets were strict-
ly up to the schedule. I suppose I ought
not to kick about any shortcomings in
the grub and the rooms."

One Opinion.
"More talk about the Germans bomb-
ing London."
"Well, if they must do it, it would
be very nice of them to do it in August,
when all the swaggers people are out of
town."

A NEWSPAPER HERO.

**Keeping the Record Straight in Re-
membrance of One Gone Before.**
Joshua Carter, in the Maricopa (Ga.) Courier.

While the Macon Telegraph, Savannah
News, and other partisan papers are dis-
cussing the question of who deserves
credit for abolishing the Georgia convict
lease system, let me tell a little story
that I happen to know about.

Gov. Smith's message to the legis-
lature in 1908 declared the "whole system
unsound."

As will be found on page 26, under the
heading, "Misconduct of Wardens," he
spoke of the conduct of the chief warden
and deputy wardens who received
pay from both the State and lessees, a
custom that had not been aired up to that
time. The governor said he had called
the attention of the prison commission
to the conduct of the chief warden and
that he had resigned, and strict direc-
tions had, he learned, been given to the
deputy wardens.

It was not a sensational utterance
by the governor, and ordinarily would
have been passed over. It happened,
however, that on the staff of the Atlanta
Georgian was a young reporter, a quiet,
modest boy, with the blood of Old Vir-
ginia in his veins, who had advanced step
by step until the city editor had assigned
him to work in the capitol. He was
greatly pleased with the promotion, which
opened up a broader field of work and
greater opportunities. He was anxious to
sustain himself and to show that the
city editor's confidence in him had not
been misplaced.

Preston, that was his name—how well
do I remember his pale, patient face—
was delving into the message when he
encountered the reference to the chief
warden who had resigned under com-
plaints lodged by the governor.

With a newspaper man's instinct, he
thought that under the paragraph in
the message there might be a story—
possibly a sensation. He spoke to the
city editor and was told to "bore into it"
and see what he could find. He started
in, his heart palpitant with the excitement
of running down a great story and
"making good." But in the midst
of it he hesitated to best a trifling
trifle too fast. His cheeks grew
warm. There was a flush that would
not end with the day's task, and in
less than a week his physician sent him
to the hospital—with fever, typhoid fever.

The city editor himself, Milt Saul, took
up the story, which the young reporter
had developed sufficiently to show that
there was a startling sensation ahead. The
Georgian threw its great power into the
story. The legislature appointed a joint
investigating committee which uncovered
conditions that astounded the State. Mr.
Seely, owner of the Georgian, and Mr.
Saul, the "star man" of his staff, a
brilliant and powerful writer, made things
blaze. Their lives were considered in
danger, so fearlessly did they publish the
details, and so unsparringly did the
Georgian attack the system and manage-
ment. I looked for trouble, for I knew
how Col. Bob Altton, Henry Grady's
partner in the Atlanta Herald, had been
killed in the capitol for something simi-
lar.

And while the State was reeling with
the excitement, the young reporter, who
had started it all, grew worse, and worse,
until one day his gentle spirit passed into
the Life Eternal, where all is peace.

The fuse was touched by the governor's
message. Preston had touched the match
to it. The explosion that followed blew
the convict system into a million frag-
ments!

It was while he lay dying that the
great fight raged.

A Secondary Consideration.
From the Toledo Times.
Mistress—Nora, I saw a policeman
in the park today kiss a baby. I hope you
will remember my objection to such
things.

"Sure, ma'am, no policeman would ever
think 'yer kissin' yer baby whin I'm
round."

Then He Departed.
From an Exchange.
Miss Hawtree (sharply)—You ask me to
marry you. Can't you read the answer
in my face?
Mr. Gaul—Yes; it's very plain.

The Modern Alchemist.
From the Dallas News.
The alchemists of old were not in it
compared with those of to-day, who con-
vert hot air into gold.

A DAILY BOOK REVIEW

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALLEN JAY

Lord Byron said that the history of any
life, however obscure and commonplace,
may, if properly recounted, be made in-
teresting. Like many other things that
Byron said, this should be taken with
considerable allowance. Nevertheless
there is some truth in it. When, on the
other hand, the life itself is interesting
and the story well told, the performance
takes on great additional value. Of this
kind is "The Autobiography of Allen Jay."
It is not a book for the multitude.
Its field is limited to the Friends' Church,
of which Mr. Jay was a lifelong member
and for many years a highly esteemed
minister. It comes near being a model
book of its kind.

Simply and unaffectedly, with a mod-
esty that is both rare and refreshing,
and with no attempt at fine writing, the au-
thor tells the story of his life as if he
were talking to a dear friend in a quiet
corner. He has no thrilling experiences,
no hairbreadth escapes. He traveled
much, both in this country and in Eu-
rope, but his mission was always one of
peace and his message one of good will.
An important part of his work was rais-
ing money for Friends' educational in-
stitutions, and in this he was remarkably
successful. He was without doubt the
most widely known Friend in the world
among Friends, being personally ac-
quainted with a very large percentage of
the membership. So well and so thor-
oughly has he covered the ground in this
book that it might almost be called a
record of the achievements of the
Friends' Church in America during the
last fifty years. (Philadelphia: J. C. Win-
ston Company.)

"An American Baby Abroad."
"An American Baby Abroad" is a very
silly story, by Mrs. Charles Crewdson.
Its plot may be quickly outlined. The
baby, born in London, is left very sud-
denly by its American mamma in charge
of a dear friend and an old-fashioned
negro mammy, as the American mother
must join her husband, who is ill in
Egypt. The baby has reached the ma-
ture age of three months; still the moth-
er leaves him and "hurries to Egypt."
The friend is a charming American girl,
who loves the baby to such an extent
that she must take him every place she
goes; consequently, we are expected to
follow his adventures at the "Passion
Play," at an audience with the Pope, and
in the harem of a sheik in Cairo. All
this stuff one is expected to wade through
in order to find out that the friend mar-
ries her true love after handing over
the three-months-old hero to his com-
placent parents. The illustration, by
R. F. Outcault and Modest Stein, show
a complete absence of team work, for
Mr. Stein's pictures show the baby in
long clothes, such as a three-months-old
would naturally wear, while Mr. Out-
cault's make him at least two years old,
almost a counterpart of Buster Brown.
(Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

Pestilence by Mail.

From the New York Times.
While the postal regulations wisely pro-
vide that certain dangerous substances
required for use in medical research and
other scientific work may be sent through
the mails if properly packed and de-
scribed, there is, nevertheless, a consid-
erable element of peril in the transmis-
sion of such parcels. Take a recent in-
stance by way of illustration. A package
containing thirteen vials filled with living
germs of diphtheria and tuberculosis, ad-
dressed to a member of the Kansas State
board of health at Topeka, was stolen
from the mails in that city by a thief
who evidently supposed its contents were
valuable. Three days later the vials were
found broken in a side street, where, pre-
sumably their contents had been scattered
on the ground. A member of the board
of health declares that there were enough
germs in the vials to depopulate the en-
tire State. The possibility of scattering
pestilence by mail is so clearly shown
in